The Countrey Lasse.

To a dainty new note, Which if you cannot hit,
There's another tune which doth as well fit.
That's the Mother beguiles the Daughter,

ALthough I am a Countrey Lasse,
a lofty mind I beare a,
I thinke my selfe as good as those,
that gay apparell weare a:
My coate is made of homely gray,
yet is my skin as soft a,
As those that with the chiefest wines
doe bath their bodies oft a.
Downe, downe, derry, derry downe,
hey downe a downe a downe a,
A derry, dery dery, dery, downe,
heigh downe a downe a derry.

What though I keepe my Fathers sheepe,
a thing that must be done a,
A Garland of the fairest Flowers,
shall shadow me from the Sun a,
And when I see they feeding be,
where grasse and flowers spring a,
Close by a chrystall fountaine side,
I sit me downe and sing a,
Downe downe &c.

Dame Nature crownes us with delight,
surpassing Court or City,
Wee pleasures take from morne to night,
in sport and pastimes pretty:
Your Courtly Dames in Coaches ride
abroad for recreation;
We Countrey Lasses hate their pride,
and keepe the Countrey fashion:
Downe, downe, &c.

Your City Wives lead wanton lives,
and if they come i th Countrey,
They are so proud, that each one strives,
for to outbraue our Centry:
We Countrey Lasses homely be,
for feate nor wall we strive not,
We are content with our degree,
our debtors we deprive not:
Downe, downe, &c.

I care not for a Fanne nor Maske,
when Tyrans heate reflecteth,
A homely Hat is all I aske,
which well my face protecteth,
Yet am I in my Countrey guise
esteemed a Lasse as pretty,
As those that every day deuise
new shapes in Court and City:
Downe, &c.

In every season of the yeare,
I undergoe my labour,
Nor showre nor wind at all I feare,
my limmes I doe not fauour:
If Summers heate my beauty staine,
it makes me nere the sicker,
Sith I can wash it off againe
with a cup of Christmas liquor:
Downe, downe derry derry downe,
heigh downe a downe a downe a,
A derry derry, derry derry downe,
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The second part. To the same Tune.

AT Christmas time in mirth and glée,
I dance with young men neatly
And who i'th City like to me,
shall pleasure taste compleatly,
No sport but pride and luxury
i'th City can be found then,
But bounteous hospitality,
i'th Countrey doth abound then,
Downe, downe, &c.

I'th Spring my labour yéelds delight,
to walke i'th merry morning,
When Flora is to please my sight,
the ground with Flowers adorning,
With merry Lads to make the Hay,
I goe and doe not grumble,
My worke doth séeme to me but play,
when with young men I tumble.
Downe, &c.

The Larke & Thrush from bryar to bush
doe leape and skip and sing a,
And all is then to welcome in
the long and lookt-for Spring a:
We feare not Cupids arrowes kéene,
Dame Venus we defie a,
Diana is our honoured Quéene,
and her wee magnifie a.
Downe, &c.

That which your City Damsells scorne,
we hold our chiefest Jewell,
Without, to worke at Hay and corne,
within, to bake and brew well:
To keepe the Dayry decently,
and all things cleane and neatly,
Your city Minions doe deske,
their scorne we weigh not greatly:
Downe, &c.

When we together a milking goe,
with payles upon our heads a,
And walking ouer woods and fields,
where grasse and flowers spreds a,
In honest pleasure we delight,
which makes our labour sweet a,
And mirth exceeds on every side,
when Lads and Lasses meet a:
Downe, &c.

Then doe not scorne a countrey Lasse,
though shee be plaine and homely:
Who takes the countrey Wench to wife,
(that goeth neate and cleanely)
Is better sped, then if hee wed
a fine one from the city,
For there they are so nicely bred,
they must not worke for pitty.
Downe, &c.

I speake not this to that intent,
(as some may well conjecture)
As though to wooing I were bent,
no I nere learn'd Loues Lecture:
But what I sing is in defence
of all plaine countrey Lasses,
Whose modest, honest innocence,
all city Girles surpasses.
Downe, downe, derry derry downe,
heigh downe a downe a downe a,
A derry derry derry derry downe,
heigh downe a downe a derry.

FINIS. *M.*